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THE BURIAL OF MOSES. By Nebo's lonely mountains, On this side of Jordan's wave, In a vale in the land of Moab, There lies a lonely grave; And no man dug that sepulchre, And no man saw it e'er;
For the angel of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral That ever passed on earth; But no man heard the tramping, Or saw the train go forth. Noiselessly as the daylight Comes when the night is done, And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek

frows into the great sun. Noiselessly as the spring-time Her crown of verdure weaves, And all the trees on all the hills Open their thousand leaves— So without sound of music, Or voice of them that wept, Silently down from the mountain's crown

The great procession swept. Perhaps the bald old eagle Perhaps the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out from his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot,
For beasts and birds have seen and heard

But when the warrior dieth, His comrades in the war, With arms reversed and muffled drum, Follow the funeral car; They show the banners taken,

They tell his battles won, And after him lead his masterless steed While peals the minute gun. Amid the noblest of the land Men lay the sage to rest, And give the bard an honored place,

With costly marble drest, In the great minster-transept, Where lights like glory fall, And the choir sings and the organ rings Along the emblazoned wall This was the bravest warrior

That ever buckled sword! This the most gifted poet That ever breathed word; And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truth half so sage
As he wrote down for men. And had he not high honor?

The hillside for his pall.
To lie in state, while angels wait, With stars for tapers tall, And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes, O'er his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave!

In that deep grave, without a name, When his uncoffined clay Shall break again (most wondrous thought!) Before the judgment day, And stand with glory wrapped around On the hills he never trod

And speak of the strife that won our life With the Incarnate Son of God! O, lonely tomb in Moab's land! O, dark Beth-peor hill! Speak to these curious hearts of ours, And teach them to be still. God hath His mysteries of grace-Ways that we cannot tell,

He hides them deep, in the secret sleep Of him He loved so well.

The Story Teller.

Joe Conway was an oddity. He especially delighted in mysteries disguises, unexpected denouements, intrigue, and romance generally.

Consequently he was always getting into tion—there was always a "lady in the case." just caught a glimpse of her form; but she, mer, you can tell me what you think now of seeing him, had withdrawn suddenly, and he the sentiments you then expressed." very bad scrapes, and-superfluous asseramateur woman-hater.

Yet for all he could not let the sex alone ! A profound love of nature and dissipation attracted Joe and myself to the little village of D-, on the banks of that charming little stream, Erehwon. We went to fish. to sketch, to see scenery, and to drink; for. as Joe remarked, "the waters of the Erehwon possessed peculiarly refreshing qualities, when mixed with a little cognac."

The afternoon of the second day of our sojourn found us seated upon a flower-spangled slope, skirted by willows, whose gnarled roots were bathed in the pellucid Erehwon. We had sought the spot to smoke, converse, and digest our somewhat elaborate dinner in peace and quiet, with the beauty of nature

young men get together, our talk was of wo-

Woman! What an inexhaustible subject for speculation, conversation, writing, oratory, painting, sculpture, and matrimony !

'It's all gammon," said Joe Conway; "woman don't appreciate cultivation, intellect, wealth and position when they love. If they don't find those amiable qualities they won't

"You are sadly mistaken, Joe," said I, "and the worst of it is, you don't know it. You are angry with the husband-hunters, who have given you a chase, and revenge yourself by damaging the whole institution of dimity. You are wrong. A man like you, young, rich, and-well, yes without flattering, I think I may say tolerably good looking, has no chance. You see only the designing ones, who are bound to marry your bank-account in spite of yourself, and they play off their charms upon you ad nauseum.'

"But where are the artless ones, who don't want money; who are willing to sacrifice themselves, and all that, for the sake of the

"They are modest. The brazen-faced fortune-hunters crowd about you, and accustom you to being sought. The really good girls require seeking, and as that isn't in your line, you never know how many nice women there are in the world."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," cried Joe, starting up suddenly, and half choking himself ment and said: with a mouthful of cigar smoke; "I'll test "Well, sir!" that question. I'll do it here in this very prise and disdain. place. I'll turn mechanic, ignore my money and my family, make up to the prettiest, proudest girl in the village, and show you she won't marry me poor. Then I will come out in my true colors and show you what my habited so delightful a domain." cash acquirements can do!"

"What; marry her?" "Not much. Make her ask me to, and

then laugh at her." I confess I secretly hoped that Joe would not test the question. He was a capital fellow, as rich in accomplishments and cultivation as in money. I knew very well that D - contained some very charming girlsdaughters of retired sea-captains, merchants,

overalls and a paper cap!

With these somewhat varied accomplishments he had no fears, of course, but that he

of the village he succeeded in persuading him

cornice on one of the oldest and most aristo- forgive me." cratic houses in D--.

ed on a scaffold almost on a level with the from their (so called) inferiors, if it is delithird story windows of the mansion of old cately expressed. Commodore Hulkington, dexterously making | The conversation proceeded. Joe proved elapsed, and Joe had only got ready to com- gance of his diction. mence putting up the brackets which sustainand the amateur carpenter, getting in the shade, unpacked his little dinner pail, and began a repast at once simple and nourishing, when he saw the window nearest him was open, and that papers lying on an escri-

toire inside were disposed to blow away. "I know it's a tresspass," meditated he, "but it's for the proprietor's good. I'll step of work-joinery and the like." into the room and save, perhaps, some valuable documents." A little gymnastic exercise brought him quaintance of a mechanic before. down from the scaffold, through the window,

and into a very elegant chamber. "Hum," said he "a woman's room." There were paintings, statues, ormolu or-

naments, and forty other luxuriant nothings, such as women of taste love to gather around them. A guitar reposed on the bed, with some books in French and Latin. The couch itself bore the impress of a form, as if the tutelar deity of the chamber had been lying the table, with a pretty water color sketch, half finished; a well stocked library in the corner bore evidence of the cultivated taste ed his theory of the mercenary character of with light charges, richochet on the frozen of the occupant, and everything about the woman. chamber, from the bed with its shower of snowy curtains falling from a massive gilt that contradicts our theories. ring to the canary bird in the window, bespoke a refinement and delicacy of the occu-

have their surroundings like themselves.
"Something elegant about this," said Joe, gathering up the scattered papers, and placing them beneath a paper weight on the escri- robe!

After a hurried examination of the room, he regained his scaffold, and consuming his more hopeful than before.

Thus passed a week. Joe got in a very THE JOURNEYMAN GENTLEMAN. most daily in the hopes of meeting the occupant of so charming a temple. He became As I held the tiny white-gloved hand of familiar with all the books and music, whisdrove himself half crazy with the speculation

upon the fair unknown. He had heard her sing very sweetly of a morning when she opened the window, and sation on the banks of the Erehwon last Sum- is the real battle from that which our imag- the plain, march forward, but never get so had not been able to discover whether she was as beautiful as a rose or ugly as a camel. Gentleman, "there are exceptions to all rules." He had found a half-finished sonnet on the table, and several long, fine, brown hairs, apparently plucked out in a fit of abstracted

He had found gaiters of delicate colors and wonderful smallness; gloves of corresponding delicacy; and tasteful and artistic dresses and

What will you say, oh, my matter-of fact and practical reader, when I tell you that my friend Joe Conway fell in love with a woman he had not seen - one of whom he knew next

progressed but slowly. The master-carpenter of the beloved being." Among the Citagong-wondered at it; but Joe assured him every hill people, again, it is is said, "the manner As is very apt to be the case when two morning that it would only take a day or of kissing is peculiar. Instead of pressing

One line afternoon Joe found, lying on the escritoire, an essay on music, written in the same beautiful hand which he had so often seen and admired on the margin of books and papers in the chamber. Grown impertinent to an alarming degree, he laid down nor good fellowship. All they look for is the saw which he had unconsciously brought

with him, and perused the essay carefully. It was well written and powerful, but there love, and if a fellow hasn't got them he had better let the sex alone. It takes a gilded be dull for me to, explain here the mistake such customs. When blind Isaac was in key to unlock their precious little hearts. which Joe saw at once. It is enough that the fair writer had confused the laws which govern melody and harmony, and Joe de- raiment and blessed him." voutly wished an opportunity to point out the

error to her who had made it. He was just meditating an epistle to be left with the essay, when the door opened, and his deesse inconnue entered!

Figure to yourself a young girl-say of nineteen or twenty—whose every line and he was asked in reference to the prohibition contour spoke of grace and health; whose law in Maine. He said that since the passage like the inner fold of some tropic shell, told was of the peculiar pale brown-almost a wood color-which may perhaps be best described as a mingling of ashy and golden tints, and fell in tangled masses—half ringlets, half disorder-on each side of a neck

opened her large gray eyes, hesitated a mo- comparatively few, and these scarcely ever

Joe rose and bowed politely.

"What do you wish, sir?" Joe was somewhat put to his trumps. "I wished to see what kind of a fairy in-

Truly a nice speech for a journeyman carpenter to make to Commodore Hulkington's. only daughter. intruding, sir. You will oblige me by de-

"Certainly," said Joe, now in full enjoyment of the remance of the thing, "certainly have often been destroyed and boiled down

"Sir," said she, "I do not know what to a single station in New South Wales.

"Audacious! Yes, I acknowledge that." that he was a journeyman of unusual talent. interrupted Joe; "but you must pardon me. He received several commissions during I first entered your room to place some pathe first fortnight of his experiments; but on pers in safety which the wind was about to the whole it was rather lucky that he was not blow out of the window. Once inside, the compelled to subsist on the proceeds of his labors, or otherwise he might have found it difficult to pay his board—especially as he commissioned me to send him some five dollars' worth of cigars every week.

A Drilliant description of the proceeds of his here attracted me. Doubtless you have not delphia Times. Gen. Mulholland, appears in the Philadelphia Times. Gen. Mulholland, touches ted, as it were, with something of one's sphere; as in your room, I experienced an large of elegance and rennement exhibited by Maj.-Gen. St. Clair A. Mulholland, appears in the Philadelphia Times. Gen. Mulholland, touches on, on until his flags waved within twenty-on, on until his flags waved within twenty-on the fine condition of the army of the sphere; as in your room, I experienced an analysis of the fatal stone wall. Then with on the following Wednesday. The bride sphere; as in your room, I experienced an analysis of the fatal stone wall. Then with on the following wednesday. The bride sphere; as in your room, I experienced an analysis of the fatal stone wall. Then with on the following wednesday. The bride sphere; as in your room, I experienced an analysis of the fatal stone wall. Then with on the following wednesday. The bride sphere; as in your room, I experienced an analysis of the fatal stone wall. Then with on the following wednesday. The bride sphere is that I did not die under his ing troops he impetuously rushes on, passes the brick house so conspicuous on the field—on, on until his flags waved within twenty-on, on the following waved within twenty-on, on the first part of the following waved within twenty-on, on the first part of the following waved within twenty-on, on the fir One day after he had nearly exhausted his emotion of pleasure—a consciousness of the one day after he had hearly exhausted his emotion of pleasure—a consciousness of the patience, and had done no end of plotting presence of some invisible but charming spir- which Gen. Burnside took command, tells of realized the full absurdity of the attempt to ard, sans peur et sans reproche. The losses moral courage was quite equal to his physipatience, and had done no end of plotting and planning in vain, the village carpenter asked him to undertake the restoration of a sked him to undertake the sked him to undertake the restoration of a sked him to undertake the restoration of a sked him to undertake the restoration of asked him to undertake the restoration of a that, if you knew my motives, you would

The young lady was beginning to feel Joe agreed, and in a short time was mount- pleased. All women like admiration, even

his measurements and plans for a new cornice. to the fair essayist that she was in error, and It was no easy task, for the work was elab- astonished her by the depths of his thoughts, orate and the weather warm. Two days the variety of his knowledge, and the ele-

On leaving, he held out his hand-almost ed the heavy mouldings. Lunch time came, as soft and white as her own-and she, stiit a cordial pressure. "You have not worked long at your trade,"

> "Since my boyhood," unblushingly answered Joe; "but," added he, glancing at his hands, "I have generally done the nicer kinds

This excuse passed very well with a woman who had never had the honor of the ac-The next day, when Joe heard the win dow open, he presented himself, and after exchanging salutations, the twain again fell into a discussion, which became so earnest that Joe was compelled once more to enter the room.

Alas, for the progression of the new cornice!

For two weeks this state of things continued. At the expiration of that time, Louisa we were expected to carry, and though not down and passing her time with music and Hulkington was compelled, maugre her pride, yet clear of the city we felt the pressure of literature. There was a portfolio open upon to acknowledge to herself that she loved Joe Conway, the journeyman carpenter. He would not believe it. It contradict-

And, I notice, we never believe anything tearing through the ranks, traversing the

Finally, when the cornice had to be finished, Louisa petitioned her father to have an pant of the apartment, seldom found, except ornamental wardrobe put up in her chamber. in young and beautiful women, who aspire to Of course Joe had the task, although the old placed eighteen men hors du combat. I will Commodore grumbled terribly about employing such a slow workman.

It took Joe six weeks to make the ward-

toire. "I' must investigate this. Here's an opening for a splendid bit of romance—poor done it was too—Joe's theory was quite done young carpenter and rich lovely young wo up, and the sweet Louisa Hulkington had man, eh? Lord bless me, there has been promised to be his bride, in spite of her fath- their faces calm, their eyes mild and life like, bushels of novels written on the same plot." | er-in spite of the notions of the world.

Sensible girl!

I was happy to corroborate. impudent habit of entering the chamber al- to a newly-wedded pair, just starting to Eu-

the bride, and saw her charming face beneath in the lead, followed by those of Col. J. W. tled the canary into a convulsion of song and the gossomar tissued veil depending from her Andrews and of Col. Palmer. Hancock's mingled their blood and went down in death "love of a bonnet," I said to the proud and happy bridegroom:

"Well, Joe, if you remember our conver-

SUBSTITUTES FOR KISSING.-Some rude races have strange substitues for kissing. Of a Mongol father, a traveler writes, "he smelled from time to time the head of his youngest son, a mark of paternal tenderness usual among the Mongols instead of embracing." In the Philipine islands, we are told, "the sense of smell is developed to so great a degree that they are able, by smelling at the pocket handkerchiefs, to tell to which persons they belong; and lovers, at parting ex-change pieces of linen they may be wearing, Quite naturally the erection of the cornice and during their separation inhale the odor lip to lip, they place the nose and mouth upon the cheek and inhale the breath strongly." Their form of speech is not "Give me a kiss," but "Smell me." In the same way, according to another traveler, "the Burmese do not kiss each other in the Western fashion. but apply the lips and nose to the cheek and make a strong inhalation." Moreover, "the Samoans salute by juxtaposition of noses accompanied not by a rub but a hearty smell." There is Scriptural precedent for doubt whether the son that came to him was Jacob or not, "he smelled the smell of his

AN Ex-GOVERNOR ON THE MAINE LI-QUOR LAW .- Ex Governor Lot M. Morrill, of Maine, passed through Charlotte, N. C., recently, on his way South for the sake of his health. While in that city, says the Observer, peach-tinted cheeks, bright eyes, and lips of this law, the condition of the people had immeasurably improved, mentally socially of vivacity, freshness, and purity. Her hair and physically. Crime had diminished; intemperance had diminished, and pauperism was a thing unknown. Somebody had written something about an increase in lunacy in Maine on this account. Whoever it was, he said, must be a lunatic. No sane man who knew white and delicate as the petals of the anything about it would write such stuff. He had several times had occasion to traverse the She did not screen when she saw the car- State while on canvassing tours, and to see a penter sitting coolly in her arm chair, mak- drunken man was a rare occurrence. Some ing himself objectionably at home. She only would have liquor and drink it, but they were drank to excess. He gave it as his experi-"Well, sir!" with an accent between sur- ence that the law was in every way a beneficial one, and contributed greatly to the happiness and improvement of the people. He only stayed several hours in the city, arriving in the morning and leaving on the afternoon train. A number of gentlemen called upon him before he left.

THE MUSTANG OF AUSTRALIA.-The mustang of the American Continent has its "Possibly, you are not aware that you are counterpart in the "brumble" of Australia, truding, sir. You will oblige me by de- large herds of which exist in the interior parts of Queensland and New South Wales. These animals are so numerous that they dozen instruments, could survey, had dabbled in the fine arts, understood short hand, a little surgery and medicine, was a finished jockey, a fair gardener, had built a fair bridge, had written an epic, and half soled a pair of boots.

With these somewhat varied accomplish.

With these somewhat varied accomplish.

Sould America. The hardiness and so numerous that we which organ is susceptible to the influence of strength and size of these brumbies are related to close them, have to make continued efforts to close them, and the command "Guide centre" is frequently have to make continued efforts to close them, and the command "Guide centre" is frequently have to make continued efforts to close them, and the command "Guide centre" is frequently have to make continued efforts to close them, and the command "Guide centre" is frequently have to make continued efforts to close them, and the command "Guide centre" is frequently have to make continued efforts to close them, and the command "Guide centre" is frequently have to make continued efforts to close them, and the command "Guide centre" is frequently have to make continued efforts to close them, and the command "Guide centre" is frequently have to stopped and you, mademoiselle, ought to be well at an early date; and wessels of fine opaque of the confederates' first line, and the command "Guide centre" is frequently and the command "Guide centre"

YORKVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1881.

FORWARD UNDER FIRE.

slaught and repulse at Marye's Heights. The the spot where our work was to begin. For-

the famous stone walls :

fight on the left and waiting patiently for their turn to share in the strife, Gen. Thomas first line, it would simply be to meet the fire every one was killed or wounded, and the Francis Meagher, mounted and surrounded by his staff, addressed each regiment of his (the Irish) brigade, and in burning, eloquent by the second and third. To fight the host regiment lost 75 per cent. of the enlisted men, left the field with its fourth commander, three by to be shot down without being able to rehaving been disabled. The Fifth New Hamp fling the last traces of a false prejudice, gave words besought the men to uphold in the turn the blow. So the division, or rather the shire lost seventeen out of twenty-three officoming struggle the military prestige and slaf of it that still existed, began falling cers during the fight. The One hundred and glory of their native land. Then green box back; but Hancock would not be driven Sixteenth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers wood was culled from a garden near and Meagher placed a sprig in his Irish cap.

Every officer and man followed his example bis hard-tried command, he remained until off the field by the fourth officer in command and soon great bunches of the fragrant shrub relieved at nightfall. And now the long, during the fight. The first color-sergeant, Wiladorned the caps of every one. Wreathes long dreadful afternoon that awaited the liam H. Tyrrell, held up the flag until hit were made and hung upon the tattered flags thousands wounded, who lay scattered over with five rifle balls. The Eighty-first Pennand the national color of the Emerald Isle the sad and ghastly plain. blended in fair harmony with the red, white The only place of cover was the brick house and blue of the Republic. At noon, Meade near the stone wall. To this hundreds of the fourth commanding officer brought the reginot yet having reached Hamilton's, Gen. wounded dragged themselves, and a great ment off the field. The Fifty seventh New Couch ordered French and Hancock to the mass of sufferers huddled together and strug- York lost nine out of the eleven officers presassault. French moved first, closely follow- gled to get nearer the house, that they might ent. The Sixty-sixth New York had four ed by the superb. As we wheeled into the escape the fire. All around the great heaps commanders during the battle, the three

THE MARCH OF DEATH BEGAN. Nearly a mile away arose the position that the foe, the fire of whose batteries concentrated to crush the heads of our column as they debouched upon the plain. Solid shot, fired ground, caromed on the pavement and went entire length of the streets, bounding over the river to be buried in the opposite bluff. Shells began dropping with destructive effect. One striking in the Eighty-eighth New York ever remember the first one that burst in my regiment, wounding the colonel, cutting off the head of Sergeant Marley and killing two or three others. I was struck by the instantaneousness of the deaths. The column had halted for a moment, a sharp report, a puff of smoke and three or four men lay stark dead, lips unmoved, no sign of pain or indication There was only one thing left for Joe to dropped upon his knees, his musket clasped lunch, set once more about his labors, a little do-to reveal to her his true position, which in both hands and resting upon the ground. enemy, giving an opportunity to dress the and the Ohio; Irishmen from the banks of division came next, with the brigade of Zook, Meager and Caldwell in the order named. ination had pictured. After the reading of far as the brick house. The appearance of "My dear George," said the Journeyman and his marshals, and harrowing tales of gory teries on the hills above us and hundreds of can see the wild confusion of the storm-swept us and we could see them bursting in the field-charging cavalry, hurrying artillery, midst of our friends. Evening came at last; the riderless steeds madly rushing to and fro, the sun went down behind the terrible heights their shrill neighing mingling with the groans, and we anxiously watched the shadows length-

> manœuvred without a flaw. In this trying moment the guides are ordered out and the alignment made as perfect until it was difficult to discern objects. We as on dress parade. The destruction of hu- thought the battle ended, when through the man beings is done with order and system. darkness loomed up the division of Hook-Yet it is terrible enough; the very absence er. Nobly they came to the work, with empty of confusion and excitement but adds to the muskets and orders to carry the position with dreadful intensity of the horror. As for the the bayonet. The dark mass passed the screams and shrieks, I have never heard brick house and almost to the point that anything of that kind, either on the field or Hancock had reached. They had come in the hospitals. It may be that the soldiers up through the gloaming unseen, and surged of other nations indulge in cries and yells; against the base of Mayre's Heights. our men took their punishment without a Again the hills flashed fire, shook, rocked, complaint or a murmur. Just before moving roared and belched forth more tons of iron from this spot one of my young officers, a brave boy from Chester county, Pennsylvania, Lieut. Seneca G. Willauer, was badly torn by a shell, which stripped the flesh from his thigh and left the bone for four or five inches white and bare. He came to me, and holding up the bleeding limb for inspection, said, with the most gentle manner and placid

> voice: "Colonel, do you think that I should go on with my company or go to the hospital?" No doubt had I told him to go on he we are marching into an arc of fire. And blizzard of shot, shell and fire. The lines the humorous sallies because his lower jaw is pass on steadily. The gaps made in the ranks shot away. are quickly closed. The colors often kiss the ground, but are quickly snatched from dead hands and held aloft again by others who soon in their turn will bite the dust. The regimental commanders march out far in advance of their commands and they, too, fall rapidly, but others run to take their places. Still in good order, we push forward until lay between us and Marye's Heights is passed,

then the sharp whiz of the minnie joins the loud scream of the oblong bolts. HANCOCK'S GALLANT ADVANCE. Soon we forget the presence of the shells recoils, then breaks and the shattered mass officers early in the day a shell struck the Glass, if the Syrian, Greek and Latin versions ever took a bath."

could get on very well at D—, and when he introduced himself to the "boss" carpenter he introduced himself to the trenches in our front. Now Hancock, with ed General Bayard's thighs and carried away gold; the English version renders the word the division that never lost a gun or a color, a portion of his abdomen. He lived fourteen crystal. sweeps forward, and being joined by many of hours after being hit, and passed the time in THE ATTACK ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS AT FREDthe gallant men of French's command makes the guietly giving directions and in dictating letthe most heroic effort of the day. Passing ters to his friends. In one to Col. Collum, he A brilliant description of the battle of the furthest point reached by the preced- said : Potomac, relates the circumstances under a murderous fire everywhere around us we awaited her cavalier, who never came, Bay- climb any amateur in the mountains, and his following extract from an article is a descripty per cent. of the force had already fallen. But the most appalling loss was in the tion of the thrilling scenes enacted in front of No support within three-quarters of a mile. In our front, line after line of works followed | cers composing his personal staff three were While Meade was moving on Hamilton's each other up the terraced heights to the very wounded, and four horses were killed under the troops in the city were prepared to strike. crest, which was covered with artillery. To them. The General himself was struck by a Under arms, listening to the sounds of the carry the assault further would be extreme rifle ball, but not seriously hurt. Of the

> streets leading towards the enemy we were in full view of the frowning heights and of dead bore testimony to the fierceness of the first having been killed or wounded. Many other regiments of the division suffered aland cold with the flag of his regiment cover- most as severe, yet, notwithstanding the great ing him. Just in front of the stone wall lay loss, on the morning of the following day, a line of men of the Irish Brigade, with the when ordered to support the Ninth Corps, green boxwood in their caps. It was not the command fell in ready and willing, and yet 1 o'clock when the assaulting column re- the contemplated assault with the Ninth Corps, tired and we had nearly five hours to wait for darkness. We heard the clock in the he was happily dissuaded by Gens. Sumner Episcopal Church in the city strike the hours and Hooker at the moment that all was ready that seemed so long. The sharpshooters of to make the attack-was the last attempt of the enemy soon got a position from which they the campaign. could enfilade the house, and when any one moved among the mass of bleeding men it was the signal for the rifle balls to whistle around. Few of us expected to live until night, and "The Star Depths" with the following quotabut few did: Keeping very quiet, hugging tion from Jean Paul Friederich Richter: tones. The bullets kept whistling and dropping, and every few moments some one would cease talking never to speak again.
>
> God called up a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying: "Come thou hither and see the glory of My house." And to the servants the glory of My house." And to the servants that stood around His throne He said: "Take not be you and I.— Youth's Companion. the ground closely, we talked together in low How quietly they passed away from the him and undress him from the robes of flesh, crimson field to eternity, their last gaze on cleanse his vision and put new breath into

their waving flag, the last sound to reach his nostrils; only touch not with any change their ears the volleys of musketry and their his human heart-the heart that weeps and comrades' cheers. THE BLOOD OF ALL NATIONS. What a cosmopolitan crowd these dead and wounded were-Americans from the Atlantic I was happy to corroborate.

After getting into the open and crossing a coast and the Pacific States, from the praiThree months afterwards I said good bye, mill-race a rise in the ground hid us from the ries, from the great valleys of the Mississippi ranks and prepare the column of attack, which the Shannon and Germans from the Rhine was by brigade front, Gen. Kimball's brigade and the blue Danube; Frenchmen from the Seine and Italians from the classic Tiber, together that our cause and the Union might live. Every little while we could see other Here the thought struck me : "How different columns emerge from the city, deploy upon our boyhood, with heads filled with Napoleon | these troops would draw the fire of the batfields of yore, with what realistic feeling we deadly projectiles would go screaming over screams and shricks of the wounded." Here en and steal across the field of blood, creeping there is no disorder. The men calm, silent, slowly over the plain through the houses of cheerful. The commands of the officers, giv- the city in the shade, then up the church en in a quiet, subdued voice, are distinctly tower until the only object that reflects the heard and calmly obeyed. The regiments rays was the cross of burnished gold, which sparkled a moment against the purple sky and then twilight was upon us and deepened

day had come to naught, and seventeen hundred more had been added to the ponderous list of casualties. Clouds overshadowed the skies, and, guided by the lurid fires still smouldering through the ebony darkness, the immense crowd of wounded began crawling, struggling, dragging themselves towards the city, those who were slightly hurt assisting would have done so. Then the advance is others who were more seriously injured sounded. The orders of the regimental com- those with shattered limbs using muskets for manders ring out clear on the cold December. crutches, many fainting and falling by the "Right shoulder, shift arms," "battalion for way. And, when in the town, how hard to "Right shoulder, shift arms," "battalion forward, guide centre, march!" The long line of bayonets glitter in the bright sunlight.

way. And, when in the town, how hard to heavens, saying: "End there is none in the universe of God. Lo! also there was no be which it is taken by elevators to the upper which it is taken by elevators We have no friendly fog, as Meade had, to inhabitants, every public hall and house filled hide us from our foes, and as we advance up to overflow, the porches of the residences the slope we come in full view of the Army of covered with bleeding men, the surgeons Northern Virginia. All their batteries open are busy everywhere. In the lecture room upon us. We can trace their line by the of the Episcopal Church eight operating fringe of blue smoke that quickly appears tables are in full blast, the floor is densely along the base of the hills, and we see that packed with men whose limbs are crushed fractured and torn. Lying there, in pools of what a reception awaits us! Fire in our front, blood, they wait so very patiently, almost us direct and oblique and drop down from no grumbling no screaming, hardly a moan; above ; shells enfilade our lines, burst among many of the badly hurt smile and chat, and us in front, in rear, above and behind us. one who has both legs shot off is cracking Shells everywhere; a torrent of shells; a jokes with an officer who cannot laugh at

The cases here are nearly all capital, and

five hundred yards of the long half mile that all, every one is so brave, and cheerful. To- senting the goddess San (Juno); on the ratus of the spider. On the under side of the I will go; but you must pardon me one for the sake of their tallow and hides; and in the shower of smaller missiles that assails of random shell dismally wailing overhead. of the eleventh dynasty, whose date accorthing—I wish to explain a little question on in some of the newly settled districts they us. The hills rain fire and the men advance Few the prayers that are said, but I can yet ding to Lepsius' chronology, was B. C. 2423which you have doubts. Harmony in mu swarm in such numbers that the squatters with heads bowed as when walking against a hear the soft voice of a boyish soldier as he is 2480. A head found at Thebes hears the not one, but at least a thousand fibres, of such etc.—who, however much they might like a mechanic, would not see him. Au contrairie, a young gentleman of wealth and probably prove very acceptable.

But he was determined, and when I left for the city I left Joe arranging a chest of cols, and getting himself up a pair of blue worlls and an another tools, and getting himself up a pair of blue worlls and a paper capt.

which however much they might like a mechanic, would not see him. Au contrairie, at young gentleman of wealth and position of the soul—melody to the passions and feelings."

which now on ave doubts. Frammony in much heads bowed as when walking against a hear the soft voice of a boyish soldier as he is cappeals to the intellectual or reasoning have to protect themselves and the pasturbatic sic appeals to the intellectual or reasoning portion of the soul—melody to the passions and feelings."

Still through the deadly shower differences that the squatters have to ice of a boyish soldier as he is cappeals to the intellectual or reasoning portion of the soul—melody to the passions and feelings."

Still through the deadly shower the destruction of the soul—melody to the passions and feelings."

The young girl looked a little alarmed, for the sin by which I late the men of the spider is thus a tiny rope of condition of kangaroos or rabbits. The sport that the material is not artificial glass, but of the fibres into one cord is performed by the ever, has attracted a good many adventurous obsidian, which abounds in Egypt and is occa
with heads bowed as when walking against a hear the soft voice of a boyish soldier as he is it is only when all the prenomen of Hatafu, a queen who is con
filled on to the table, his limbs a mass of privated to have lived about the year lived with the men of the Second Corps, dead, in the ever-thinning lines press on. The plain and the ever-thinning lines press on. The plain the ever-thinning lines press on. The plain and the ever-thinning lines press on. The plain have to products of all the sport in the soft voice of a bo ools, and getting himself up a pair of blue overalls and a paper cap!

Joe had a wonderful talent for doing every:

On the first into one cord is performed by the commander, and the colors are borne to the relieving all within reach, the stretcher carbon distinct the field; a sionally of a green tint.

On the fibres into one cord is performed by the commander, and the colors are borne to the relieving all within reach, the stretcher carbon distinct the field; a sionally of a green tint. Many colored fraging the wounded from the field; a spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say the say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to say the say that "education refines and intensifies our spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat spirits, who Joe had a wonderful talent for doing everything tolerably well. He played on half a
dozen instruments, could survey, had dabbled

LOSSES IN HANCOCK'S DIVISION.

sylvania lost twelve out of sixteen officers and 75 per cent. of the enlisted men. The

THE UNIVERSE.

Professor Proctor closes his lecture on

God called up a man into the vestibule of trembles." It was done, and with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled into endless space. Sometimes. with solemn flight of angel wing, they fled through saharas of darkness, through wildernesses of death that divided the worlds of life; sometimes they swept along frontiers that were quickening under prophetic motion. Then from a distance that is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through a sleepy film; by unutterable pace the light swept to them, they, by unutterable pace, to the light. In a moment the rushing of planets was upon them; in a moment the blazing of light was around them. Then came eternities of suns that twilight revealed, but were not revealed. On the right hand and the left towered mighty constellations, that by selfrepetitions and answers from afar; that by counter positions built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways-horizon tal, upright-rested rose, at altitude by spans that seemed ghostly from infinitude. out measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities below; above was belowbelow was above to the man stripped of gravitating body-depth was swallowed in height unsurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as they thus rode from infinite to infinitesuddenly, as they thus tilted over abysmal worlds-a mighty cry arose, that systems more mysterious, that constellations more glorious, that worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths, were coming, were nearly, were

at hand! Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered and wept. His overburdened heart uttered itself in tears, and he said: "Angel, I will go no further. For the spirit of man acheth with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of the universe. Let me lie down in the grave and hide myself from the persecution of the infinite; for end there is none." And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice: "The man by the introduction of machinery. When speaks truly; end there is none, that even yet we have heard of. End there is none!" The angel solmnly demanded: "Is there indeed no end, and is this the sorrow that kills you ?" · But no voice answered, that he may answer himself. Then the angel throws during the last decade. Each mill employs up his glorious hands toward the heaven of from twenty to forty hands, and all are busy.

GLASS IN EGYPT. Egypt offers the earliest positive evidence

of glass making. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson

mentions that glass bottles containing wine are represented on monuments of the fourth dynasty, more than four thousand years ago: and in the tombs at Beni Hassan the process of glass blowing is represented in an unmisfrom our right and our left. Shells come at cheerfully their turn to be treated; there is takable manner. The earliest specimen of glass bearing an inscription from which its date may be ascertained, which has as yet been met with, is the lion's head now in the Slade collection in the British Museum. This was found many years ago at Thebes, by Signor Drovetti. It is formed of opaque blue glass of a very bright and beautiful color (as may be seen from a fractured part), but amputation is nearly always resorted to. time has changed it externally to an olive Hands and feet, arms and legs are thrown green. Dr. Birch has informed the writer under each table, and sickening piles grow that the hieroglyphics which are on the under large as the night progresses. The delicate side, consist, on the right side, of an urceus limbs of the drummer boy fall along with wearing the "hut," or white crown of the the rough hand of the veteran in years; but upper world, or upper Egypt, and reprewards morning the conversation flags; many left side of urceus wearing the tesh, or creature's body are four or six little knobs, drop off to sleep before they can be attended red crown of the lower world, or lower each not larger than the point of a pin. to, and some of them never wake again. The only sound is the crunching of the surgeons' or Neith (Minerva); while the central hieroin the abdomen, where the silk is prepared. saws and now and then the melancholy music glyphics form the prenomen of Nuantef IV When a spider wishes to spin a thread, it

RESISTED.

TERMS--\$2.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Four young men, clerks and students, while on a summer vacation tramp through North-

After he had guided the young men to the waterfall, and they had satisfied themselves with sight-seeing, they invited him to lunch

with them. "Thank you, I have my own lunch;" and the boy went away by himself. Later, when full justice had been done to their repast. and a flask of brandy had furnished each of

"You must drink with us, if you will not eat with us," now, said the owner of the flask, and the most reckless of the party. "No, sir, thank you," was the boy's courte-

ous response

"But I shall insist upon it." "You can do as you please, and I shall do The young man sprang to his feet, and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much

absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing eyes of another.
"Now you are bound to try my brandy. I always rule."

"You can't rule me."

These words were scarcely uttered when the flask was seized and hurled into a stream, where the clinking of glass betrayed its utter destruction. Then a clear, defiant tone range "I did it in self-defense. You had no

right to tempt me. My father was once a rich and honorable man, but he died a miserable drunkard, and my mother came here to live to keep me away from liquor till I should be old enough to take care of myself. I have promised her a hundred times I wouldn't taste it, and I'd die before I'd break my promise.

"Bravely said. Forgive me, and let us shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I was as brave as you. I wouldn't tempt you to do wrong. I shall never forget you, nor the lesson you have taught me."

The most reckless was the most generous, and seeing his error apologized frankly. How many boys need to be kept from

NOTICE! Young Man .- We heard of an accident, the other day, which we hasten to make public for the benefit of all young men who may feel interested in the matter of mat-

rimony. the Sabbath were concluded, a certain young man named John stepped up to the side of one of the most handsome girls in the parish, to whom he had been paying "beautiful attention" of late, and politely requested the pleasure of seeing her home. Like a good affectionate girl she granted the boon and they started. Filled with rapture by the pleasant circumstances surrounding him, the young man was thrown off his guard, and being desirous of saying something particularly fine and impressive, (it may have been a lay of love) he turned his face towards his partner, (very close, as it doth often happen,) and whispered his thought. Alas! it was an unlucky whisper; for the same breath that conveyed the confidential message, also carried to the olfactories of the young lady the fumes of whisky! Quietly withdrawing her arm from that of her gallant, she stopped in the path and said: "Sir, you have been drinking whisky, and that of the meanest sortyou, nor no other Demi-John, can go home with me." And she tripped on her way, leaving the poor whisky lover standing with his thumb in his mouth completely "dumb founded" at the sudden reversion of his prospect, while the jeers, the taunts and groans of the spectators fairly roared around

There are many young walking Demi-Johns; and as the ladies everywhere are becoming fast friends of temperance, and adopting the motto of, "sober men or no husbands," we give the above publicity, that many may see the danger they incur by loving liquor better than their chosen lassie.

RICE CULTURE IN THE SOUTH-WEST .-- Be-

fore the war the rice crop came chiefly from the Carolinas. During the past ten years the rice industry has been extended to Louisiana, where over fifty thouand acres are now devoted to it, and the annual crop of the country has been doubled. In the meantime great improvements have been made in the methods of thrashing and cleaning the grain the grain is cut it is stacked in the fields to sweat, to facilitate the thrashing, after which the rice is sent to special mills for hulling and polishing. There are seven mills of this sort which have been built in New Orleans floor, where it is winnowed and sifted to remove sticks and rubbish. To remove the beard the rice is passed through a revolving "hoodlum," from which it is carried to the "stones" which crack off the hulls. Then the dark-colored grains are polished for market. The polisher consists of sheepskins, tanned, stretched over sheep wool on revolving cylinders, the space between the sheepskins and wire gauze being just sufficient to allow the rice grains to find their way by degrees to the bottom. The grains are highly polished by the friction against the skins, which rubs off the bran and leaves the grain clear and white. The bran amounts to eight barrels for every hundred barrels of clean rice. It is sometimes used to adulterate spices. The waste in hulling averages about five or six per cent., but sometimes reaches as high as twenty per cent. The hullers receive from half a cent to three-quarters of a cent per pound for hulling.

THE SPIDER'S APPARATUS .- Few things are more wonderful than the spinning appapresses the knobs or spinerets, with one of its legs, and forthwith there issues from each,